

Stranger Things El Weight Gain by coppermoth2010

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Summary: This series is a fanfic about the romance between El and Mike set to the theme of weight gain and feederism. That's basically it, we all know what that involves so i'm not gonna go into details.

1. Chapter 1

It had been many months since the town of Hawkins had finally returned to normal, and Eleven was nothing short of a superstar now. But she never liked the spotlight, and neither did her friends, so they did their very best to continue living average lives. Instead of making famous friends or sucking up to the media, Eleven had taken to sleeping over in a very familiar place: her fort in Mike's basement, where it all began. Sure, Hopper's legally her dad now, but he'd given her all the freedom in the world now that she'd literally saved it. Oh, and there's also that little thing... Young love, between her and Mike. Not that they'd ever admit it, of course.

But over time, Mike had noticed something interesting happening to Eleven. She had always been thin as a rail. But ever since things had calmed down in Hawkins and she'd practically moved in with Mike, and had people fulfilling her every wish left and right, she'd finally been able to relax and get treated like a queen. And it was starting to show... in her waistline.

Sitting next to each other at the D&D table, with Eleven's attention absorbed in the stack of Eggo waffles in front of her, Mike awkwardly snuck a glance up and down her body. Her face looked the same as ever, but... there was no ignoring that stomach. It was unusual to see a girl their age with a body like that—the result of growing up skinny, and then suddenly getting all the food she ever wanted—and Mike was morbidly fascinated. Granted, she was still adorable as ever, and still perfectly healthy, but there was a very noticeable bulge in her dress that he'd noticed growing larger week by week. Standing up straight, her little gut was beginning to stick out noticeably, especially given her lack of any breasts to balance it out. Sitting down, it squished into a distinctly unladylike bulge that was especially noticeable when she slouched, which she very often did. Mike was fascinated by this girl who had somehow saved the world, yet also grown up without the social norms that would have put a stop to this new overindulgence.

Suddenly his eyes met hers, and he realized how long he'd been stupidly staring at her. Crap! Had she noticed? She didn't seem to. He

looked away rapidly, and blurted out the first thing on his mind:

"Want some more Eggos?"

He immediately winced and kicked himself, hearing the words leave his mouth. She'd been stuffing her face with syrup-soaked waffles literally all weekend, and as much as he secretly adored her growing belly, he also felt the pressure to watch over her health. She clearly wasn't doing a very good job of that.

"Yes please," sang Eleven, and let out a little burp. Mike gulped.

"Are—are you sure? You've been wolfing those down nonstop, how do you have room for any more?" sputtered Mike, battling between responsible caretaker and fascinated onlooker.

"I'm sure," stated Eleven confidently. "I like Eggos."

Mike was just about to head to the cupboard to grab some more from her enormous stockpile of Eggos, when he heard Eleven's all-too-familiar cry of "MIKE?"

"Yes?" asked Mike, turning to look at the stuffed girl at the table.

"Can you bring the whipped cream and candy back out? I want an extra special Eggo sundae," she pleaded, cracking that adorable, semi-alien smile and gazing at Mike. Well, he thought... in for a dime, in for a dollar.

He came back and unloaded his arms onto the table—waffles, candy and all. Eleven's eyes lit up, and she sprang into action spraying whipped cream and dotting her dish with all kinds of candy. No sooner had she finished than she dove in face first, gobbling down the sugary platter as if she hadn't eaten in days. Mike couldn't take his eyes away.

After a minute, she noticed his eyes and began to slow, then stopped her eating. "Hey Mike?" she asked meekly.

"Yeah El?"

"Is all this food making me... well..." To Mike's shock, she gingerly

pulled up the seem of her dress, revealing not only her underwear, but also a chubby little belly pooched between her training bra and her legs, spilling over slightly in every direction.

Mike was transfixed—he was right. It was definitely different from the body he'd briefly gotten to hold at the Snow Ball. Her protruding paunch looked very out of place on her otherwise thin frame, and he knew it was at least partially his fault. But then again, she totally deserved to eat whatever she wants. She friggin saved the world, right?

"Mike?" she repeated shyly, prodding her soft belly. "Is this okay?"

"Of—of course it is!" exclaimed Mike. "It just means... It just means that you're eating well!"

Eleven smiled brightly. "Good. I like eating well." El looked back down at her belly and that back to Mike. Their eyes met yet again.

"Can you... rub it?" she asked innocently.

"Umm," answered Mike, his heart racing "Yeah, sure yeah". He pulled his chair closer making a scraping sound on the wooden floor, and placed his hand on her stomach. It was so wonderful, warm, soft and fatty—she clearly hadn't gotten any exercise during her months of sleepovers and candy coated waffles. But Mike loved it all the more, and rubbed it gently. This is how it should be, he thought. Eleven rewarded handsomely for her service, with all the waffles she could ever want.

Mike felt Elevens little belly peek between his fingers as he rubbed it gently back and fourth. Watching wide-eyed as her small flabby gut shifted up and down in rhythm with his hands. He'd never seen El be this forward before, but she also might not really understand that what she was doing was unusual, it was so hard to tell with her. Either way Mike was getting more and more into playing with El's little belly.

"Um...I..." Mike made an indiscernible noise, looking quickly back up and down El's body. Still with her dress lifted to her chest, exposing her belly, legs, and underwear.

Nervously, Mike put his other hand on the other side of El and began to squeeze her belly together with both of his hands. He was aware of how much he was enjoying this but still didn't want to do anything to embarrass himself or El. He chancing a look up at her face, only to see El staring back at him with that intense curiosity she often showed when presented with new things. Their eyes met for a minute, neither breaking from the other. Mike hesitated, El had seemed so upbeat before, this sudden shift was unusual, even for El and Mike didn't want to do anything to upset her.

"Should I stop?" he asked.

Timidly El lifted her hands holding the dress up to her mouth, covering her nose from Mike so that only her eyes and head were visible. Staring at him with her large brown eyes, El shook her head from side to side.

Mike, more nervous then ever, continued to massage El's pudgy belly, kneading his fingers up and down with increasing enthusiasm. Still staring at El's new chub, Mike started to cup his hand underneath her small muffin top. Flicking upwards and letting it bounce back into place. Again and again he would do this, until his hand accidentally brushed up against El's underwear.

"Oh," El made an involuntary noise.

Mike quickly looked up. El's face was still covered by her dress filled hands, but was now clearly bright red with blush. Mike noticed how her eyes had seemed to grow wider and wider as he massaged her, and were now so pulled open you could see the whites of her eyes clearly around the iris, with a small crease between her eyebrows.

Mike took a closer look at El. She was sweating. Mike knew he had to have been just as red as she was, but what had happened just there? That sound she just made, what was that? It sounded like a moan or a groan, had she just moaned? What does that mean? Why'd she do that?

He thought back, thinking to what he might have done to change everything, when it was all going so well.

I bumped her underwear. He thought.

Wait, did I? Did I touch her...her?

A whole new wave of heat rushed through his body at that thought, as Mike changed three more shades of red.

He looked up to see El still staring at him with those wide, focused eyes. A few moments passed in awkward silence. El slowly lowered her top, and sat facing Mike who looked down at his feet, still burning with embarrassment.

Footsteps on the stairs. Mike scooted back a bit to the other end of the table just as Nancy, Mike's sister, came walking down the staircase to the basement.

"Mom says to start getting ready for bead." called Nancy, addressing Mike.

"Kay, yeah." answered Mike quickly. El didn't say anything. Nancy looked at her brother suspiciously, she could remember the last time he rolled over so readily like that, especially while in the middle of a dungeons and dragons game.

"What of you been doing?" she asked, her eyes slanted down at Mike's red face and ears.

"Oh, um...a... nothing much." Said Mike "Just teaching...um... El to play Dungeons and Dragons, so she can play with all of us when the other guys come over." Mike had become a sizably better liar during his time hiding El from his family.

"Hmm," said Nancy content, "that's nice, but really though, it's a school night, you're not going to be able to get up in the morning if you stay up much later."

"Alright I'm going." Mike called in his usual tone, as his sister disappeared back up the staircase. The normality of talking with Nancy had calmed Mike down significantly.

"C'mon El" he said, not daring to meet her eye "I'll set up your bed, you go brush your teeth."

"Ok, one sec" El said, as she turned around and wolfed down the last of her waffles, and whipped cream. As she stuffed the Eggos down her throat, she kept her eyes fixed upward at a wide eyed Mike.

2. Chapter 2

Mike went to bed that night with a hard weight in the pit of his stomach. It was the kind of feeling that seemed to be turning you inside out no matter how tightly you curled yourself into a ball, which incidentally was what he was doing, with his arms wrapped around his legs and burying his face in his knees.

He was sleeping on a blow-up matt in the basement, facing the wall away from the rest of the room. He knew it must be at least midnight, but he couldn't sleep, his mind was still racing from everything that had happened that night. El pulling her dress up, seeing her new, fuller body, rubbing her belly, bumping her...um.

Mike shivered, even laying here in bed he could feel his ears burning at the thought of touching El. Opening his eyes he rolled over to face the room, where he could see Eleven curled up, asleep, in her nest of blankets. Mike observed her now more pronounced silhouette under the covers, her larger hips creating a hill shaped in the comforter.

Mike sighed. He knew he liked El, their was no use denying it, he had kissed her twice now, but ever since the Snow Ball things hadn't seemed to be happening much between them. Life had gone back to normal, and so had Mike. But now that El was clearly eating herself right out of her own dresses, Mike was finding it harder and harder to keep his feelings discrete. He couldn't deny he liked El's change in figure any less then he could stop her eating those Eggos. Playing with her belly tonight had been better then any kiss he's ever had. And he had no idea how he was going to talk to her the next morning after touching her...um...her... .Mike buried his head in his pillow at that thought.

"I touched her... her... her area." He thought to himself.

He squirmed with embarrassment. Remembering her face when he touched her, her shocked expression, the involuntary noise she had made that betrayed any notion that rubbing her belly that night had been any less enjoyable for her then it had been for Mike.

Mike smiled at that. He didn't know much about girls, and El was so

different from any other girl he'd met. But he couldn't think of anything to disprove the fact that she liked him rubbing her belly. She was the one who had asked for it after all. And if she liked him doing it, maybe there was a chance she'd let him do it again. And if she kept stuffing herself like this there was sure to be more belly to rub, right?

Slowly, a vague plan started forming in Mike's mind. Plans that involved eggos, whipped cream, candy, and a plump satisfied El letting Mike rub her belly, now bigger and rounder than ever. Mike closed his eyes and smiled. If he kept feeding El like this, she might let him do just that. And with that happy thought floating in his mind, Mike finally drifted off to sleep.

El woke up the next morning to the sounds of Mike getting out of bed. She watched him silently as he rolled out off his mattress and trudged sleepily upstairs. She waited for a couple of minutes, staring into the empty basement, before springing up and heading across the basement to the bathroom.

Her face was still. She had dreamt about Mike last night, she couldn't remember any of the specifics, but she still couldn't help feel embarrassed despite of herself. She decided not to think about it.

Washing her mouth in the sink, she cupped her hands under the faucet and splashed the sleep out of her eyes. She turned around and caught a glimpse of herself in the full-length mirror hanging on the door. She paused, to look at herself.

She only noticed a few days ago that she had started to get a little chunky. Nothing major, just a little bit of padding here and there. Always being rail thin, she had never experienced anything like it before, but after the events of last night, she found that she liked the change. She liked how soft she felt, she loved eating, and she really loved the way she felt when Mike rubbed her belly, but she still didn't fully understand the whole thing.

She also didn't really understand what it was to like someone. The way Mike described it, it seemed an awful lot like being friends, but she knew it couldn't be that because he'd told her specifically it wasn't. Despite her ignorance, she knew how much she liked getting

her belly rubbed, and she could link the feeling to when Mike has kissed her at the Snow Ball.

And then when Mike had brushed her underwear. She had never felt anything like that before, she didn't know how to describe it, it was like a warm numbness down below. She smiled to herself in the mirror remembering that moment. She really did look chunkier, her thighs now rubbed together in the middle, and her little gut was making her tank top ride up.

She gave her small layer of belly fat a squeeze, trying to recreate the sensation from last night, it still felt good, but it wasn't the same. Turning herself around in the mirror, she could see her butt poking out the bottom of her pajama shorts. She hadn't noticed that before. El wondered if it was connected to rubbing her belly, or even rubbing her... . Closing her eyes she replayed that moment again in her head, Mike rubbing her belly, and then rubbing her...

She remembered his face when he was messaging her, shocked, wide eyed, but exited. All of those qualities amplified when he brushed up against her panties.

Hmm. Maybe Mike knew something she didn't, he did seem different when he touched her below the belly. It certainly felt different. Either way, El knew she had to find a way to get Mike to rub her belly again.

As if on queue, El's tummy let out an enormous growl. Remembering the pile of waffles waiting for her upstairs, El jogged up the stairs watching her little gut bounce around as she went.

Reaching the breakfast table, she was greeted by from Mike, Nancy, and of course, a plate full of syrup soaked waffles. She didn't know if she was imagining it, but it seemed like the usually sizable stack was even bigger then usual this morning, with Eggo upon Eggo pilled up on top of each other in a mountain of fried dough and maple syrup.

Apparently El wasn't the only one who had noticed the new increase in portion. Nancy was eying the heap of Eggos in bewilderment, while shooting suspicious and disapproving looks at Mike.

El looked at the two siblings with that same curious look she used before, but at that moment her belly gave another huge rumble that seemed to hint not to question it.

Tucking herself in at the table she picked up a fork and was just about to dig in when she heard a small voice come from Mike's end of the table.

"Do you want whipped cream?"

It was indeed Mike, who was leaning across the table to grab a whipped cream can that El hadn't noticed being there before. It had certainly not been there on any of the other mornings El had slept over.

"Oh," she said, "yes please." She smiled brightly, a look that was mirrored by Mike as he walked over behind her and gave her a generous dollop of whipped cream, then returning to his seat looking sheepish, but proud of himself.

El looked around the table to see if there were any other new additions to the breakfast menu. Bobbing up and down slightly as she craned her neck to see all the corners of the table.

"Do you need something else?"

It was Mike again. He hadn't touched his own food but was still staring at El.

"Um...yeah, do you have any of that chocolate sauce from last night?" She said, remembering how good it was when mixed with the whipped cream.

Without giving an answer, Mike jumped off his chair and crossed excitedly to the fridge at the other end of the kitchen. Rummaging around for a minute, he proceeded to remove a dark brown bottle filled with chocolate sauce. Walking over to El, they looked at each other for a moment before Mike added an equally generous amount of chocolate sauce to the already enormous breakfast in front of El. She beamed at Mike as he sat back down in his own seat.

"Don't you think that's a little much?" Asked Nancy, who didn't look

up from her cereal, but El knew the question was directed at Mike, Nancy rarely talked to El.

"Let her eat what she wants," Mike argued, "You know how much she likes Eggo's."

Nancy still looked a little grossed out, but merely shrugged and didn't go any further into it. El's stomach was now gurgling and growling more than ever. She looked up at Mike, who still hadn't started his breakfast but was looking over at El's in apprehension.

Not being able to hold back any longer, El dug in, wolfing down Eggo after Eggo with gusto. Each bite was better than the last, in what seemed like never ending pile of cream and dough. Forkful after forkful disappeared down her throat, never slowing down or showing an ounce of restraint.

After a few frenzy filled minutes, El finally sat back in her chair. She was stuffed full; her belly felt hard and tight as it stuck out significantly and peaked out from under her nightshirt. She felt wonderful, the feeling of being full reminded her of Mike rubbing her, it was the same tingly contentment she'd felt then.

Looking over at Mike, El saw him staring unashamedly at her, his fork still in hand but unable to tear his eyes away from El as she ate. This made her embarrassed, she didn't know why but something about Mike's staring always seemed to make her nervous. She looked down at her now empty plate, blushing.

It was all connected she thought. Mike's staring, the Eggo's, her new flab, rubbing her belly.

"Well just be careful," Nancy said,

El had been too absorbed in her own thoughts to notice Nancy, who had now gotten up from her seat and was clearly talking to El.

"You know what'll happen if you keep eating like that."

As she left the kitchen, she was ushered out by more retaliatory calls from Mike. But El wasn't paying attention. The whole thing had come together in one shining piece.

"My belly got bigger because I was eating well." She thought to herself.

"Mike only started rubbing my belly when it started to grow, so the more I eat, the bigger my belly will grow, and the more Mike will stare and rub my belly."

El looked up from her still empty plate. She was determined now that she'd figured out the puzzle, and had started thinking how best to put her plan into action.

She looked up. Mike wasn't watching El anymore, but had finally started on his own smaller plate of waffles. El stood back from her chair without taking her eyes off Mike, who's head shot up at the sound of her chair against the floor. His eyes followed her around the table as she walked over to his seat.

Pausing in front of Mike, El looked down at his plate. She was still stuffed from her own mountain of waffles, but if eating made her belly bigger, there was only one logical option.

Shyly, nervously, she reached down and slid one of Mike's waffles off his plate. Mike stared with the same wide-eyed look that El had enjoyed so much when she was eating. Then, while never taking her eyes off Mike, El stuffed the whole waffle in her mouth with one hand and after a few enormous chews swallowed the whole thing.

Hesitating for a bit slightly out of breath, El smiled down at Mike, who grinned greedily back at her. Satisfied with herself, El left the room, her hand resting stuffed tummy still protruding out from under her nightshirt. As Mike watched her bloated belly bounce its way out of the kitchen.

3. Chapter 3

"C'mon El what's taking so long?"

Hopper was calling El from the other side of her closed bedroom door. He impatiently tapped his foot on the worn wooden floor as he knocked lightly on El's room with his folded middle finger, waiting. Hopper checked his watch, the short hand pointed downward towards eight o'clock.

"One minute!" El called back.

Hopper sniffed hard through his nose, and sighed.

"Alright, but hurry up whatever you're doing in there. You're gonna be late, and I'm not going to speed again to get you around town."

El heard Hopper's heavy footsteps grow fainter as he walked back across the living room. She had indeed been in her room a while, but contrary to her usual morning dawdling, today El was busy.

She stood in the middle of her room facing the large mirror above her dresser. She had been silently struggling to get dressed for nearly 20 minutes, and was not about to accept defeat now.

She was topless, wearing nothing but the small, white, training bra she has slept in. Sockless and shirtless, most of El's struggles had been due to the stubborn pair of jeans that were now digging into her thighs and lower butt. El had been trying to force the jeans up for most of the morning but her now noticeably larger waist and rear were determined not to be contained by the blue fabric. After a lengthy attempt to wrestle the pants up over her waist, El's cramping hands finally forced her to give in. Red faced and sweating, El collapsed backward onto her bead, breathing heavily, with the jeans still wrapped around her knees.

Though frustrated, El could hardly be surprised by this wardrobe malfunction. It had been nearly three weeks since her little intimate exchange with Mike, and her plan to eat herself into his arms had been in full effect ever since. El had been stuffing herself silly at

every chance she got, between double helpings of everything at every meal, constant snacking, and a hard determination to get bigger as quickly as possible, El had experienced another serious increase in her already chubbier body.

Her thighs and butt had changed; in contrast to the skinny, pallid legs from the years before, El now had a generous layer of fat covering the inside of her thighs, which rubbed together when she walked, and giggled when she ran. Her previously boney butt had now expanded, creating a sloping shelf off her lower back, and stretched out her shorts so that the upper tag of her underwear was often sticking out over the back.

Her arms were thicker too. She had noticed a few days ago the small pockets of flab hanging of her upper arms, which admittedly she didn't know would happen. Her chest and neck had changed as well. El's previously non-existent breasts had now developed into a pair of perky little boobs. Nothing to speak of really, but undeniably present, and becoming consistently too big for her training bras.

But none of these could hold the candle to her belly. El's formally flat stomach had already been distinctly bigger during her evening with Mike, but it had really been only a paunch. Now El's middle had swelled into a full potbelly. It stuck out over the front of her pants, and swelled out over the sides forming little love handles. Her sides were now totally coated in a layer of flab, creating a trio of small belly roles under her now squishy back.

El sat up on her bed, slowly. She had noticed recently a change in her athleticism, getting out of breath more easily, not being as flexible as she used to be, things like that. Struggling to sit up was a prime example. Rollin over to one side in a not-so-graceful twist, El watched her side roles become more pronounced, only to return to normal when she seated herself on the bed.

El looked down at her now sizable potbelly. It rested on her lap, completely covering the front part of her underwear, and drooped over so that it obscured the front of her panties.

She put a hand on her gut and smiled sheepishly at it. Despite this mourning's inconvenience, El felt a great deal of pride in her now

chubby self, and had no intention of slowing down. Though maybe a bigger wardrobe was in order. She thought of Mike rubbing her flabby gut, and felt the same tingly sensation she'd gotten three weeks ago. Turning pink and shifting her position on the bed.

Grabbing onto her belly, El gave it a jiggle as she stood up. Turning around and facing the mirror, she gathered herself, and prepared to give one last heave to the stubborn jeans. After a few moments of struggle, El finally squeezed her ass into the tight fabric. Not wasting a moment El quickly stuffed her belly fat into the front of the jeans and jammed the button through the buttonhole in one movement.

Wow it was tight. El winced as the unrelenting waistband dug into her sides, and pinched her gut. Sticking her fingers into the sides of the pants, El felt a momentary give in pressure as she gingerly extracted her lower belly from the jeans and let it hang out over the top of the waistband. Observing the angry red line disappear from her belly, El turned sideways and looked at herself in the mirror at a profile.

She really was chubbier; her belly drooped over the top of the jeans creating a smooth little layer of fat that obscured the front of her waistband from view. Her breasts, while modest, had started to push out her training bras, and now were clearly visible at a profile, creating a smaller, but easily noticeable bump above her belly. Even her arm fat was visible as she pressed her forearms up against herself, letting the fat around her triceps swell out backwards.

Sliding on a shirt over her now wider torso, El walked over to her closet and rummaged through a mess of old laundry and paper, finally removing a large shoebox from its depths. Opening it, El took out a cheep plastic scale. She had found it in Hopper's basement a few days ago, and was now recording her weight at the start of every day, mostly for the satisfaction of watching the numbers go. Placing it on the ground by her bed, El stepped on the scale with her still bear feet and waited.

It flashed for a moment, then changed so that El saw a series of numbers on the small screen, changing and flickering fast so that El couldn't read them. Finally the numbers stopped, and glowed out blue against the dull plastic of the scale.

130 lbs.

El smiled brightly, today had been a good day. Not three months ago she was barely breaking 100, but the constant stuffings had lead to El's skinny body piling 30 pounds of solid fat.

Unable to keep the smile off her face, El snuck a large candy bar from the stash under her bed, replaced the scale back in the shoebox, and skipped out the door, thinking of what Mike would say, if he could have seen her now.

"You sure took your time this morning." Grumbled Hopper.

He was waiting outside leaning up against the hood of his dirty white police car. El walked out of the house carrying a small grey backpack and slid into the passenger seat. Hopper lumbered into the drivers seat and checked his watch, leaning his forearm against the wheel.

"I think we'll be alright for time, but if you take that long every day you'll be late for something eventually."

El, was in too good a mood to take Hopper seriously. She smiled out the side window as Hopper pulled out of the pebbled driveway.

He spoke again, not taking his eyes off the road.

"I know your grades don't really matter so much to you, and hell you know they don't matter so much to me, but being late to class tells your teachers that you don't care about what they're teaching you."

He paused for a moment as they merged onto the highway. El still didn't pay him much attention.

"I guess it's fine if you don't care about your teachers, but they won't see it that way, so just, you know, just keep that in mind." Hopper said.

He was clearly trying to make an impression, a feat in which he was definitely failing. El still said nothing, but stared out the window with the same sheepish grin as before. This did not go unnoticed by Hopper.

"You're awfully chipper this today," he said. "What're all the smiles about"?

El turned to Hopper grinning wider then ever. Remembering a line Dustin had used at the arcade the other day, she decided to try out his metaphor.

"I guess I got a new high score!" She said.

Hopper had no idea what she meant by this, and continued to glance at the back of El's head as she turned back towards the window, still with that same exited smile firmly hitched on her face.

"Has anyone else noticed that El's been acting weird?"

Hours later, and Mike could be found sitting at his usual lunch table in the cafeteria surrounded by his four friends. His head slumped against the table, looking bored and disinterested, staring at a spot of paint on the waxy counter. It was Dustin who spoke, and Lucas who answered him.

"You mean weirder then usual? Her normal is weird, what has she been hanging around you lately?"

This drew a half-hearted chuckle from Max.

"No, I mean weirder then her usual weird." Replied Dustin. I mean, look at her, what's she doing over there by herself?"

Mike looked up from the table, and stared across the lunchroom in the direction of El. She was indeed sitting by herself at the far end of a table that hosted a large group of chattering sixth graders. El was surrounded by various empty Tupperware and candy wrappers, and was clearly gorging herself on a lunch that could feed at least three people. She ate with the same kind of detached gusto that she had shown every day this week.

Mike couldn't take his eyes off her. Watching her eat at lunchtime had now become a regular pastime of his, one that was becoming increasingly rewarding with each passing day.

Mike thought back to the evenings when El had slept over. She had

been sleeping over at Mikes house almost every day for the past month, much to his enjoyment. His plan to fatten El up had been far easier, and far more productive then he could have anticipated. No matter how many waffles he put in front of her, she always asked for more, no matter how much candy he left on the D&D table she always finished it off.

In some ways this new gluttony had been startling for Mike, El had always been a fairly reserved person, this dramatic change in attitude was a little off-putting.

But just look at her, thought Mike

He stared at El as she ate, watching her mouth, which now always seemed to be full of something. Seeing her plumped up thighs and butt, her rounded belly, and growing boobs, made his ears burn, but he couldn't help it. Mike blinked and found himself constructing a fantasy world in his head, a world where El was twice as big as she was now, and was letting him rub her swollen belly as she stuffed herself ever larger.

Mike felt his ears burn and his cheeks turn red. Putting his head back down on the table, he buried his face in his forearms and groaned to himself. He felt embarrassed by his own thoughts, and immediately tried to think of something, anything else.

But he couldn't, she was right there in front of him, stuffing herself with candy and waffles and whatever else.

"That's a pretty jerky thing to say!"

Mike looked up, he'd been so absorbed in his own thoughts he hadn't even heard what Dustin had said, or why Max was derailing him for it.

"But she has!" Dustin argued, "I'm not making fun of her, but I mean jeez, just look, it's not exactly subtle."

"Even if your right," shot back Max "it's rude to comment on a girls weight, it's just not something you do."

"Fine! Fine! I'm sorry, jeez."

Mike could guess what Dustin had said to upset Max. But no matter how much Max said otherwise, Dustin did have a point about the subtlety of El's weight. Even now Mike noticed the lunch table cutting into her upper belly, creating a sort of shelf, with her bloated stomach stretching the fabric of her shirt skin-tight.

"I'm gonna go talk to her." Mike said abruptly.

He got up from the table, the eyes of his friends following him as he walked across the lunchroom to where El was sitting. As El saw Mike approaching, she momentarily stopped chewing, a short pause in her relentless intake of food.

"What are you doing here sitting by yourself?" he asked.

El just shrugged as she resumed chewing, but still kept her large eyes fixed up on Mike.

"You want to come sit with us?" Mike asked.

El shrugged again.

Mike didn't know what to do, she really was acting weird now, not just with her eating, but El had always sat with the rest of the group. What had changed?

"Well...um... why not? You mad at someone? Did Lucas say something again?"

She still said nothing. Mike was trying to be as patient as possible, but watching her stuff herself right in front of him was not exactly helping his concentration.

"Well...um...I guess if you just want to be left alone-"

"Can you sit with me?" El interrupted. She said it quickly, nervously, as if she had forced the words out of her at the last second.

"Oh...um...sure, ok." Mike replied, a little taken aback.

Mike circled around the side of the table and sat down on El's left, twisting himself around to face her. She was still munching on a

chocolate bar, but continued to look directly at Mike, staring at him with her large brown eyes. Mike noticed the small ring of chocolate around her lips, he found this adorable, but couldn't think of what to say, they were just sitting staring at each other, and she was clearly waiting for him to start a conversation, but his mouth felt like sandpaper. Unable to take his eyes off her chewing Mike just said the first thing that popped into his head.

"So...um...that's a big lunch you got there."

Mike physically winced, what on earth did go and say that for. Max had clearly said not two minutes ago how rude it was to talk to girls about their weight. He braced for the impending explosion, but it never came. Surprisingly El broke into a huge smile, keeping her lips tightly sealed, as her mouth was still full of chocolate.

"Yeah, I've bee eating really well." She said brightly.

Though El tried not to show it, Mike commenting on her eating habits was all she could have asked for. Him noticing her gorge herself had made every stuffing and bellyache she'd had to endure this week worth it and then some. Glowing with this new confidence, she pushed further.

"I think eating so well has made me...well..."

She sat back and patted her swollen stomach. Mike's eyes seemed to bulge out of their sockets as he stared at her new chub. This made El, if possible, even happier. Mike on the other hand could not hold himself back any longer. Abandoning caution, he reached out and poked the front of her belly fat, watching as his finger sank deep into her gut.

"It really has." He said, seizing this opportunity to speak his mind at last.

All at once Mike was brought back to his senses. The mood of the conversation shifted, El's previously smiling face was now filled with something that Mike couldn't quite place. He retreated back to his part of the bench, and nervously looked into El's face, searching for confirmation that he hadn't overstepped. El said nothing at first, but

then spoke in a small shy voice.

"Mike?"

"Yeah?" he replied, mirroring her tone.

"Could you do that again?"

Mike froze. This was it, this was all he'd been dreaming about for the past few weeks, but now that the opportunity had presented itself, he wasn't sure he could go through.

"Um...right now?" he said, trying to stall for time.

"Or later," El said frantically.

She was terrified if whether she'd said the wrong thing, and was hastily trying to cover it up.

"Or not at all, I mean, if you don't want to that is. You don't have to if you don't want to."

"No, no, I do." Mike replied.

His face turned red at that, but El feel on top of the world. She had been confident he liked her before, but hearing Mike say it out loud like that gave her a whole different kind of tingle.

"Just, maybe not here, y'know. I mean we're in the middle of the Cafeteria." He said, turning his head and looking around the room.

"Oh, right of course." El said, turning slightly pink.

"What if...what if we have another sleep over tonight?" he asked, quietly.

El beamed.

"Yes, that would be...um...really good."

They smiled at each other, looking into each other's face. It was a pure sincere smile, one that said everything on their minds without having to say a word. But just as Mike opened his mouth to say

something, he was cut off by a voice from behind.

"A sleepover? Were you going to tell us about this sleepover?"

It was Dustin. Mike slouched forward as the beautiful moment between him and El popped like a balloon. He would hang out with Dustin ten times out of ten, but if just this once the whole world could have melted away, it would have been fine with Mike.

"A sleepover sounds awesome!" said Max, appearing out of nowhere behind Dustin.

"At Mike's place?" asked Lucas, using the same appearing act Max had.

"Yeah he was just talking about it."

All Mike could do was watch in horror as all his plans evaporated like smoke.

Before long, the whole gang was around the table planning a group sleepover. What each of them would bring, plans for games, and whether or not Lucas looked old enough to buy beer. Dustin dramatically proclaimed that this would be the best Thursday night he'd have all week. And Will openly wondered if his mom would let him stay out so late. All Mike and El could do was stare at each other in a puddle of gloom.

"No way you look 21." Max laughed at Lucas

"What if I put on a fake moustache?" He replied.

"You'd get arrested so fast, it'd make your head spin."

Mike tried one last-ditch effort to fix the whole thing.

"Um...guys. Actually I was kind of thinking maybe..." But it fell on deaf ears.

"So I'll see you at six!" Called out Will as the bell rang.

A nod of agreement from around the table solidified six o'clock as the

meeting time. As the four friends filed out with the rest of the school, Mike sat firmly in his seat, wallowing in his own bad luck, and wishing he would have just grabbed El's tummy when he'd had the chance.